

a new hope by twittterpated

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Jim Hopper - Freeform, M/M, Original Male Character - Freeform, SO, This is fluff, eric is sick, i skimmed it, its just the cold dw, joyce byers - Freeform, oc is sick, stranger things, they are cute, this is old, we die like billy, will byers GETS sick, will byers bf is sick, will still lives in hawkins

Language: English

Characters: Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Original Male Character(s), Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Original Male Character(s)

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-07-03

Updated: 2021-07-03

Packaged: 2022-03-31 12:47:40

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 845

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

will's boyfriend, eric, is sick. will learns the lesson as to why you don't take care of a sick person.

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Author's Note:

this is also old. pls. all mistakes r obviously my own but like, don't point them out. also, again, eric is my friends oc

Thank god Will got the house to himself. With Jonathon away at college and living on campus, and his mom working and seeing Hopper, the house was his. Of course, when his mom wasn't there he had to call her at certain times to ensure that he was safe, and he had to go through the safety procedure, but it wasn't all that bad having the house to himself.

Especially not when he had a boyfriend, and his boyfriend was sick. That didn't make things any better, considering he had to play maid and mom to the boy, but it was endearing seeing Eric being so.. vulnerable with him. Eric had been at the house for a few days already, thankfully getting permission from his mother before disappearing off the face of the earth. Will liked it when his dragon of a mother didn't come banging on his door looking for her son.

It was quiet besides the TV and the sound of Eric's sniffles. There had been a phone call earlier from his mother, just checking in on the both of them, and definitely making sure Eric was still alive. Which, thankfully, he was.

The Star Wars movie was loud, and if anyone else was home, they would've come downstairs already to tell him to turn it down. But it was like their own home theatre. The lights were off, they had popcorn and some other Cold Approved snacks. It was nice. Really nice. Especially since his stupid friends weren't around to tease them or be annoying. It was, dare he say it, domestic.

Will glanced at the clock and frowned slightly. He told his mother not to call for a few extra hours because he didn't know if Eric would be asleep or not, and as it got closer to the time where his mom would normally call, he grew a little nervous.

"My mom might call again," Will said, looking down at his sick boyfriend. It wasn't that hard considering that he was curled up on his lap.

"And?" Came the congested response from Eric.

"Aaaand," Will mimicked, "I'm gonna have to be able to answer it. Which means you might have to move."

"What? No! I can't move, I'm sick," Eric whined, snuggling into Will's body more. Will adjusted the blanket that was around the both of them and sighed. It was cute to see Eric like this, but how did parents deal with this? It had to get annoying at some point. He didn't think he'd get annoyed with Eric, but he knew the possibility was very much so there.

"Okay, sure, let me just," Will mimicked picking up a phone and holding it to his ear. "Sorry, I have a clingy and feverish bad boy on my lap. I'll call you back when I've convinced him that a cold doesn't mean he's dying."

There was silence as Will waited for Eric's response. He knew he didn't take it too far, but sickly Eric might react differently to things than regular Eric would. he was still testing out the waters on that one. But when Eric let out an awkward scoff and curled into a tighter ball, Will laughed quietly.

"Shut up, you asshole. I feel like I'm dying," Eric muttered bitterly to himself, but he didn't shy away from the kiss Will placed on the top of his head.

"I know, I know, I'm sorry. Do you want to lay down?" Will offered him.

When Eric looked up at him with a little pout and a firm nod, his heart melted. He was like a little kid and, frankly, it was super cute to Will. As carefully as he could, Will laid them both down on the couch. Eric fidgeted to get comfortable, but eventually, he settled being curled up against Will with his back to the TV.

"Try to sleep. You definitely need it," Will murmured, craning his neck down so he could kiss Eric quickly before settling back into a comfortable position. Eric fell asleep quickly, and honestly, Will was quick to follow.

It wasn't even a week later when the roles were reversed, though. Will was hating every minute of it.

"You shouldn't kiss a sick person," Eric cooed, fixing Will's blanket. He huffed, leaning into his boyfriend.

"I know- I was just.. trying to make you feel better," Will admitted quietly.

Eric didn't say anything at first and, when Will glanced at him, there was a heavy blush on his cheeks. It was the first time in a few days Will had cracked a smile, and it was all because of Eric blushing. These days, it seemed like Eric was the main reason why he smiled. Not that he minded, it was nice.

"Okay," Eric mumbled, a tad bit awkwardly. "That's cute. Thank you." Eric looked down at Will and with a soft smile, he swooped down and pressed a kiss to the space between Will's eyebrows, right where he had been unknowingly furrowing them.

"Now it's *my* turn to take care of my baby."